

DELL

NO. 678 10¢

The Last Hunt

A RELENTLESS HUNTER AT WAR WITH A VANISHING HERD



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production in CinemaScope





Charley
Gilson:
A man
who lives
to hunt . . .



Sandy McKenzie:
A man who hunts to live . . .



Jim: A half
Indian boy who
learns the right
thing the
wrong way . . .



Woodfoot:
His is the wisdom born
of 50 years on the hunt . . .

FOUR MEN against a vanishing herd of wild and thundering BUFFALO!



M-G-M presents in CinemaScope

THE LAST HUNT

STARRING

ROBERT TAYLOR

STEWART GRANGER

Screen Play by RICHARD BROOKS

Directed by RICHARD BROOKS

Produced by DORE SCHARY

Based on the Novel by
MILTON LOTT

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Photographed in
EASTMAN COLOR

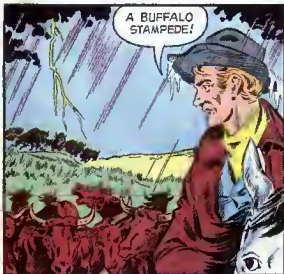
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M-G-M'S *The* *Last Hunt*

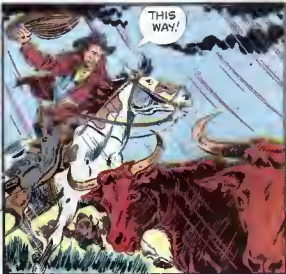
ACROSS THE PLAINS, A KETTLE
DRUM OF THUNDER SOUNDS,
SWELLING LOUDER THAN EVEN
THE RAGING THUNDER IN THE
LIGHTNING-TORN SKY...



A BUFFALO
STAMPEDE!



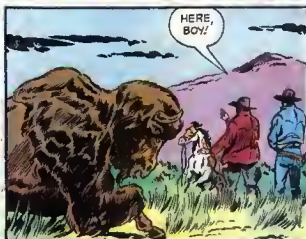
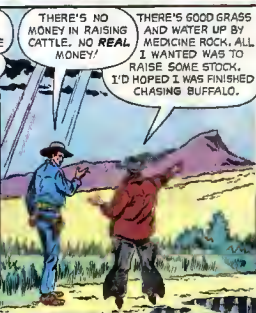
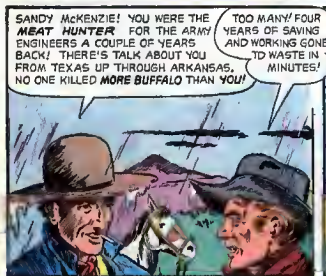
THIS
WAY!



IT'S NO
USE! THEY'VE
PANICKED!











PUT IT AWAY, CHARLEY! THE BOY WASN'T OUT TO TROUBLE US!

SANDY IS RIGHT MISTER. NOW WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU GENTS WHILE JIMMY PICKS HIMSELF SOME NEW CLOTHES?

A HUNDRED POUNDS OF LEAD, HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS OF POWDER, FOUR CASES OF PRIMERS, ONE CASE OF KNIVES... AND WE NEED A **SKINNER!** IS OLD WOODFOOT AROUND?

HEARD HIS PEG-LEG STUMPING AROUND ONLY THIS MORNING... SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FIND HIM!

LATER...

WHEN I PUT THESE BRAIDS AWAY MAYBE I'LL BE PUTTING AWAY THE INDIAN PART OF ME TOO!

JOE'S BARBER SHOP

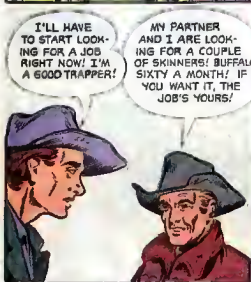
HEY! LOOK HERE! THIS INDIAN CARRIES HIS OWN SCALP!

GIVE THEM BACK!

IF YOU WANTED TO BE **SCALPED** REDSKIN I'D HAVE BEEN GLAD TO OBLIGE.

GIVE-- OW!!

MAYBE THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO TRY TO GRAB FOR THINGS!







NOW WASN'T THAT
THE **BEST** RIDE YOU
EVER HAD?

JUST LOOK AT
THE WAGON! AND
THERE GO THE
MULES!

LATER, SANDY CATCHES UP...

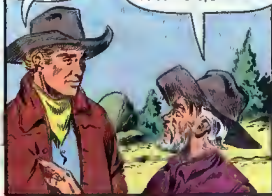
WE'LL GET ALONG!
WHILE WOODFOOT AND I
SCOUT AROUND FOR A
CAMP YOU AND THE BOY
ROUND UP THE MULES!

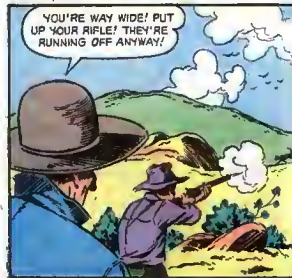
I STILL CAN'T
FIGURE OUT HOW
THAT OLD FOOL
LIVED SO LONG!

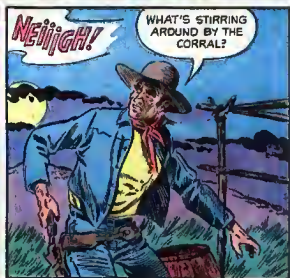
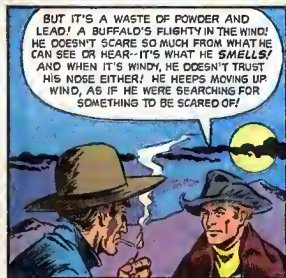
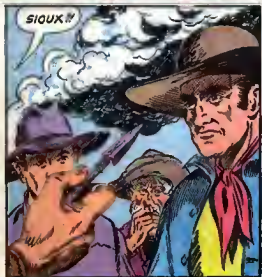


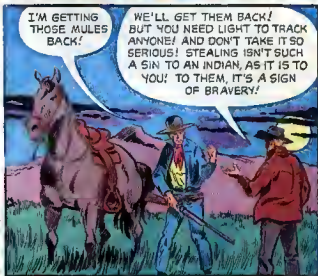
I WOULDN'T
RIDE CHARLEY TOO
FAR, WOODFOOT!
HE MIGHT
EXPLODE!

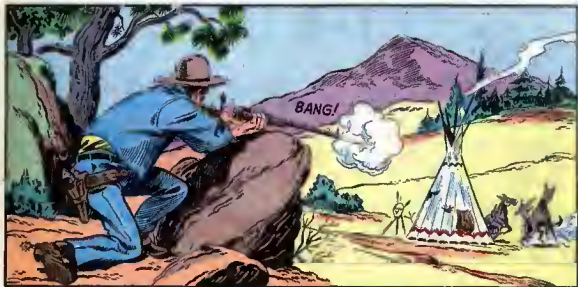
HE WILL! AND HE
WON'T NEED ANY HELP
FROM ME! HE'S BAD NEWS,
SANDY! YOU'VE SEEN
THE WAY HE HANDLES
A GUN! BAD, **BAD NEWS!**

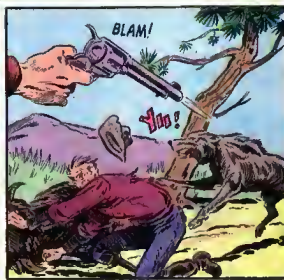


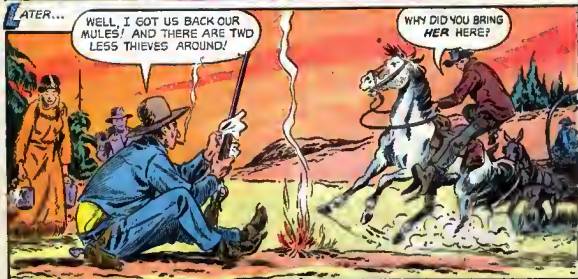
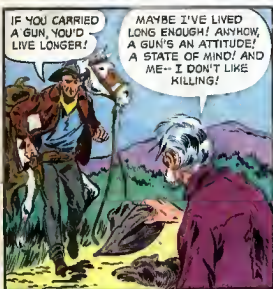






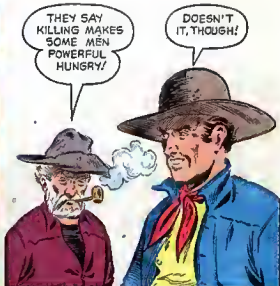






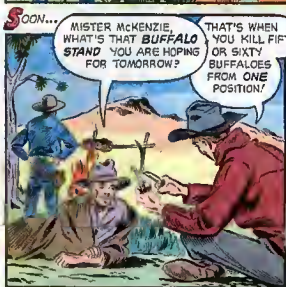


SINCE SHE ONLY SPEAKS
YOUR LINGO, JIMMY, TELL HER
I'M GETTING HUNGRY!



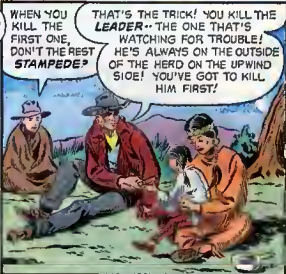
THEY SAY
KILLING MAKES
SOME MEN
POWERFUL
HUNGRY!

DOESN'T
IT, THOUGH!



SOON...
MISTER MCKENZIE,
WHAT'S THAT **BUFFALO**
STAND YOU ARE HOPING
FOR TOMORROW?

THAT'S WHEN
YOU KILL FIFTY
OR SIXTY
BUFFALOES
FROM ONE
POSITION!



WHEN YOU
KILL THE
FIRST ONE,
DON'T THE REST
STAMPEDE?

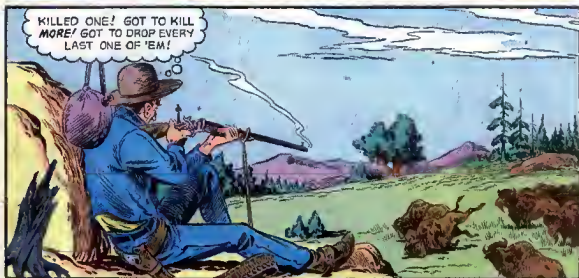
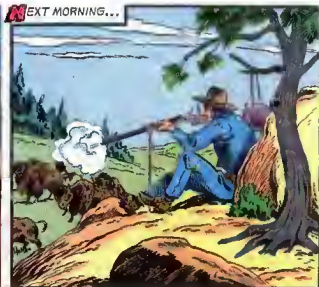
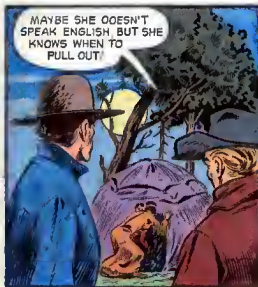
THAT'S THE TRICK! YOU KILL THE
LEADER-- THE ONE THAT'S
WATCHING FOR TROUBLE!
HE'S ALWAYS ON THE UPWIND
SIDE OF THE HERD ON THE UPWIND
SIDE! YOU'VE GOT TO KILL
HIM FIRST!



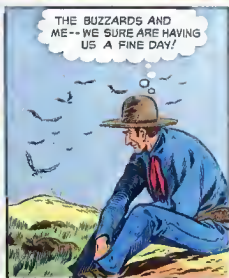
THEN YOU KILL THE ONES
THAT START TO WALK OR WANDER!
FUNNY THING ABOUT BUFFALOES-- IF ONE
OF 'EM FALLS DEAD, THE OTHERS HANG
AROUND BAWLING AND STAMPING AND NOT
KNOWING WHAT TO DO! BUT IF ONE BULL
STARTS **MOVING**-- YOUR **STAND IS OVER!**



DON'T KEEP HER FROM
HER WORK, SANDY, OR YOU'LL
BE CROSSING ME!



A GAIN
AND AGAIN,
CHARLEY'S RIFLE
BLAZES AWAY
UNTIL THE
BARREL BECOMES
TOO HOT
TO HOLO! THEN
THE HERO
BOLTS AND
CHARLEY BECOMES
LIKE A MAN
POSSESSED!



ELSEWHERE...



EVERYTHING'S SET UP
RIGHT FOR A PERFECT
STAND-- BUT SOMEHOW, I
JUST HAVEN'T THE
HEART TO BREAK UP
THAT PEACEFUL
SCENE YET!

LATER...



MISTER
MCKENZIE YOU SURE
KILLED PLENTY

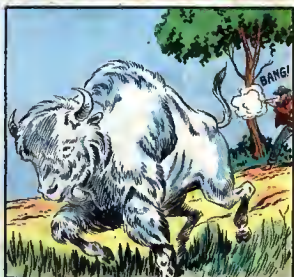


WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
YOUR EYES?

WIND! JUST
THE WIND--THAT'S
ALL!



MISTER
MCKENZIE!

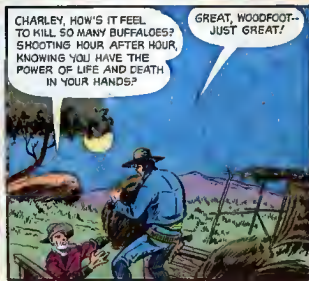


BANG!

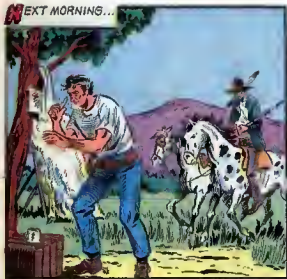




THAT NIGHT...



NEXT MORNING...



HOLD IT,
CHARLEY! HE'S
A FRIEND OF
JIMMY'S!

HOW! ME SPOTTED
HAND! YOU WANT TO TRADE
FOR THE **WHITE HIDE**?
GIVE **BOTH** HORSES!



THOSE OLD
CROW-BAITS?
PROBABLY STOLE
'EM ANYHOW! WE'RE
NOT TRADING!

IF HE'S
WILLING TO GIVE
UP **HIS OWN** HORSE,
IT MUST MEAN A
LOT TO HIM!



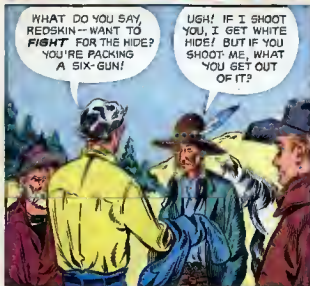
THE SKIN'S
HALF MINE AND
I SAY **NO**!

CHARLEY, I BELIEVE
THIS INDIAN'S GOT HALF
A NOTION TO
FIGHT YOU!



WHAT DO YOU SAY,
REDSKIN-- WANT TO
FIGHT FOR THE HIDE?
YOU'RE PACKING
A SIX-GUN!

UGH! IF I SHOOT
YOU, I GET WHITE
HIDE! BUT IF YOU
SHOOT ME, WHAT
YOU GET OUT
OF IT?



I GET
THE HORSES,
AND I KEEP
THE SKIN!

ALL RIGHT! IF
YOU WIN-- HORSES
YOURS!



QUICKLY, FIFTY PACES ARE MARKED OFF...

YOU CAN EVEN HAVE THE
ADVANTAGE OF HOLDING YOUR
GUN TO START WITH! ALL RIGHT,
REDSKIN! LET 'ER BUCK!



UNNH...

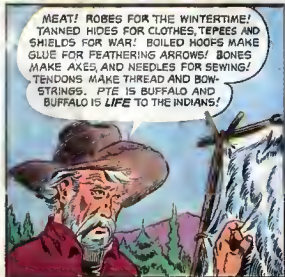


WHY DID HE
WANT THAT HIDE
SO BADLY?

RELIGION! PTE--
THAT'S THE INDIAN
NAME FOR BUFFALO.
MEANS A LOT TO
THE INDIAN!



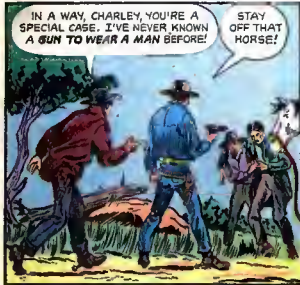
MEAT! ROBES FOR THE WINTERTIME!
TANNED HIDES FOR CLOTHES, TEPEES AND
SHIELDS FOR WAR! BOILED HOOFES MAKE
GLUE FOR FEATHERING ARROWS! BONES
MAKE AXES, AND NEEDLES FOR SEWING!
TENDONS MAKE THREAD AND BOW-
STRINGS. PTE IS BUFFALO AND
BUFFALO IS LIFE TO THE INDIANS!

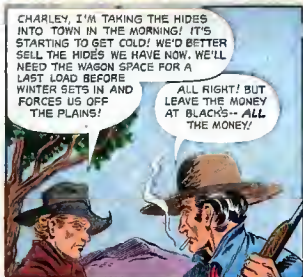
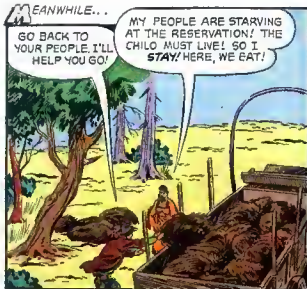


SPOTTED HAND
THINK HE MIGHT
DIE! WANT TO GO
BACK TO THE
RESERVATION!

NOT ON EITHER
OF THOSE HORSES!
I WON 'EM! IF HE
WANTS TO GO BACK--
HE CAN WALK!









HELLO, BLACK! GOT OVER FOUR HUNDRED HIDES HERE! ONE OF 'EM IS **WHITE!**

IS IT IN GOOD SHAPE, SANDY? I'VE GOT A CUSTOMER WHO'LL GO AS HIGH AS TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR IT! LET'S SEE IT!

TWICE, SANDY SEARCHES THE PILE OF HIDES...



THAT'S FUNNY!! I SHOT AND SKINNED IT MYSELF! WHERE IS IT?

I'D BE MIGHTY CAREFUL HOW I TOLD CHARLEY IT'S LOST! HIS HAND'S TOO QUICK FOR HIS BRAIN!



TWO DAYS LATER, AS A COLD WIND LASHES A LIGHT SNOW ACROSS THE PLAINS...

WHERE IS EVERYONE?



SANDY! GLAD TO SEE YOU, SONNNY! WE MOVED CAMP!



CHARLEY'S IDEA! WE LIVE IN A CAVE NOW! ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME! BUT WHY'D YOU COME BACK?

I AIM TO **FREE** THE WOMAN!



HOW? NOT WITH A GUN? YOU GOING TO **TALK** TO CHARLEY? HE'S CRAZY, SPOOKED! HE'S KILLED BEFORE AND HE'LL KILL AGAIN!



WE'LL SEE WHAT HE'LL DO WHEN WE GET TO CAMP!

DON'T CROSS HIM, SANDY!

ATER...

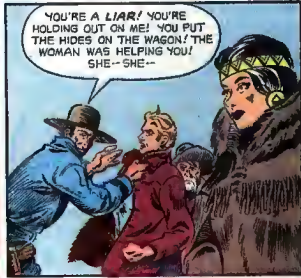


SANDY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BUFFALOES WHILE YOU WERE AWAY! THE BIG HEADS ARE ALL GONE! BUT NOW YOU'RE HERE, THEY'LL BE BACK!



WELL, WHAT'D YOU GET FOR THE HIDES? WHAT'D THE WHITE HIDE FETCH?

I DIDN'T HAVE TO SELL IT! IT WAS GONE! DISAPPEARED!



YOU'RE A LIAR! YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON ME! YOU PUT THE HIDES ON THE WAGON! THE WOMAN WAS HELPING YOU! SHE-- SHE--



YOU STOLE THE HIDE, DIDN'T YOU?

HOW DO YOU KNOW I DIDN'T TAKE IT?



MAYBE I DID SELL IT AT THAT CHARLEY

MAYBE THE BUFFALO GOD TOOK IT BACK! MAYBE HE DOESN'T WANT YOU TO HAVE BIG MEDICINE!



HOW DO I KNOW, CHARLEY, THAT YOU DIDN'T TAKE IT FOR YOURSELF?

SANDY, WELCOME BACK TO HOME SWEET HOME!

FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS TENSE SILENCE, THEN OFF IN THE DISTANCE, THERE IS A THUNDEROUS RUMBLING...



BUFFALOES! JUST LISTEN! MUST BE TEN THOUSAND BUFFALOES! THEY'RE BACK! I TOLD YOU THEY'D BE BACK!



I'M GOING TO GET THEM NOW!

HE'S SPOOKED ALL RIGHT! IT WAS ONLY THUNDER!



LATER...

COULDN'T RUN DOWN ONE BUFFALO OUT THERE! SOMETHING CHANGED OUR LUCK! THE WHITE HIDE-- THAT'S WHAT IT IS! SANDY, YOU AND THE WOMAN GOT IT FIXED TO SELL THE HIDE, THAT'S WHY!



WHERE'D YOU PUT THAT HIDE?



I'M WAITING!

LET HER GO, CHARLEY!

THEN, EXHAUSTED FROM HIS WILD RIDE, CHARLEY RELEASES THE WOMAN...

THERE MUST'VE BEEN A HUNDRED THOUSAND BUFFALOES OUT THERE... DIDN'T SEE A ONE ... BUT HEARD 'EM... ALWAYS JUST AHEAD OF ME--

LIE DOWN, CHARLEY. WE'LL LOOK FOR 'EM IN THE MORNING!

YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE! AS SOON AS CHARLEY'S ASLEEP YOU'RE GOING HOME.

WOODFOOT, I'M GETTING THE WOMAN OUTFITTED AND ON HER WAY TONIGHT! THEN I'LL FACE DOWN CHARLEY!

WHAT'S THE GOOD IF SHE GOES AND YOU STAY HERE TO DIE FOR IT?

FIRST THINGS FIRST! AT LEAST SHE'LL BE FREE!

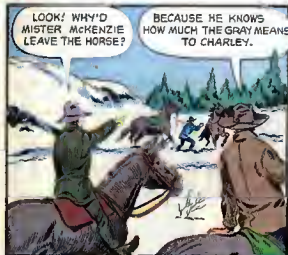
FREE? FREE TO STARVE? FREE TO DIE OUT THERE OF COLD AND MISERY? **YOU GO WITH HER!** THAT'S FIRST! CHARLEY'LL ALWAYS BE AROUND IF YOU'VE A MIND FOR FACING HIM!

MORNING...

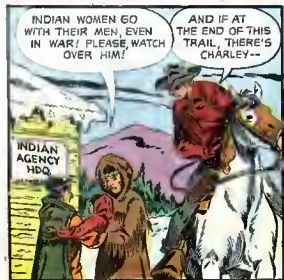
M-MY HORSE! SANDY'S HORSE GONE!

SANDY RODE OFF WITH THE WOMAN! I'M GOING AFTER THEM! SANDY CROSSED ME FOR THE **LAST TIME!**

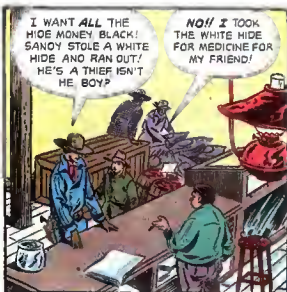
AS CHARLEY FOLLOWS SANDY'S TRAIL, WOODFOOT AND JIM KEEP CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

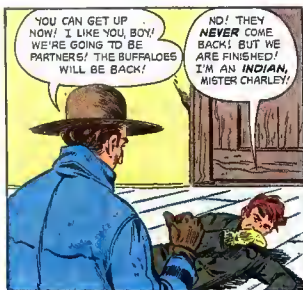


MEANWHILE, SANDY WATCHES GRIMLY AT THE RESERVATION...



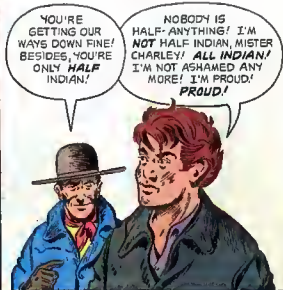
HAVING LOST SANDY'S TRAIL UNDER THE FRESH FALLING SNOW, CHARLEY PUSHES ON TO TOWN...





YOU CAN GET UP NOW! I LIKE YOU, BOY! WE'RE GOING TO BE PARTNERS! THE BUFFALOES WILL BE BACK!

NO! THEY **NEVER** COME BACK! BUT WE ARE FINISHED! I'M AN **INDIAN**, MISTER CHARLEY!



YOU'RE GETTING OUR WAYS DOWN FINE! BESIDES, YOU'RE ONLY **HALF** INDIAN!

NOBODY IS HALF-ANYTHING! I'M **NOT** HALF INDIAN, MISTER CHARLEY! **ALL** INDIAN! I'M NOT ASHAMED ANY MORE! I'M PROUD! **PROUD!**

THE NEXT MORNING, AS SANDY REACHES TOWN, HE FINOS THE ARMY SUPPLY TRAIN...



WE STARTED WITH FIFTY STEERS! SOME WERE STOLEN, REST FROZE TO DEATH. MY MEN AND I ARE BEAT

THEN LET US PUSH ON! I THINK WE'VE GOT ANOTHER HAND TO HELP US!



HELLD, MISTER MCKENZIE! CHARLEY'S HERE! HE WOUNDED WOODFOOT AND HE'S GOING TO THROW A GUN ON YOU! WANT TO FIND HIM?

I'VE GOT TO GET THESE PROVISIONS TO YOUR PEOPLE! AND IF I KNOW CHARLEY, HE'LL **FIND ME!**

WHEN CHARLEY LEARNS THAT SANDY HAS LEFT TOWN EARLY THAT MORNING, HE SADDLES A HORSE AND QUICKLY FOLLOWS...



SO THERE'S WHERE HE'S HOLED UP! THEN HE **CAN'T** ESCAPE ME



SANDY! HEY, SANDY! COME ON OUT-- AND COME READY!

KRAA



YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! **DON'T GO!**

IF YOU DON'T COME DOWN, I'M KILLING ALL THE CATTLE!



CHARLEY! LET THE BOY AND WOMAN MOVE OUT WITH THE CATTLE AND I'LL COME DOWN!

THE BOY CAN GO! **SHE STAYS!**

FINALLY PERSUADED BY SANDY, JIMMY RIDES OFF...



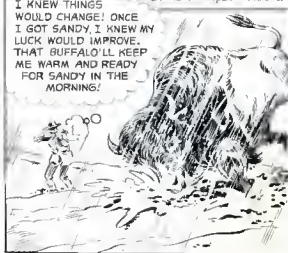
SANDY, **DON'T** COME OUT NOW! IT'S TOO DARK! I DON'T TRUST YOU! COME DOWN IN THE MORNING! BUT IF YOU STICK YOUR HEAD OUT BEFORE THEN, I'LL **PLUG** YOU!

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, TO KEEP HIS GUN FROM FREEZING AND TO KEEP HIS QUARRY TRAPPED, CHARLEY BLAZES AWAY...



PRAAANNNG

AROUND MIDNIGHT, A LONE BUFFALO WANDERS BY AS CHARLEY FIRES...



I KNEW THINGS WOULD CHANGE! ONCE I GOT SANDY, I KNEW MY LUCK WOULD IMPROVE. THAT BUFFALO'LL KEEP ME WARM AND READY FOR SANDY IN THE MORNING!

QUICKLY, CHARLEY SKINS THE BULL, WRAPPING HIMSELF IN THE WARM ROBE, AS A FREEZING WIND CUTS EVEN THROUGH THE THICK HIDE...



AND IN THE MORNING...

HE WILL
KILL YOU!

MAYBE! AND MAYBE
I'LL TAKE HIM WITH ME!
THERE'S NO PLACE FOR
CHARLEY'S KIND ANY MORE!
THEY'RE SPOILERS, KILLERS!
CHARLEY, I'M COMING!



AUTIOUSLY, SANDY DARTS
FROM COVER TO COVER...

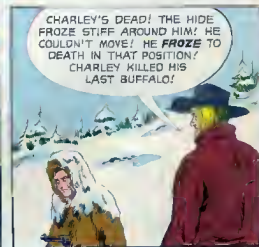


ALL RIGHT, CHARLEY--
LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!



THEN THERE IS A LONG PAUSE
BEFORE SANDY SPEAKS AGAIN...

CHARLEY'S DEAD! THE HIDE
FROZE STIFF AROUND HIM! HE
COULDN'T MOVE! HE **FROZE** TO
DEATH IN THAT POSITION!
CHARLEY KILLED HIS
LAST BUFFALO!



AND AS THEY RIDE ON TO THE RESERVATION...

THE WHITE
HIDE!

MAYBE IT'LL BRING
IT'S BIG MEDICINE TO ALL
OF US NOW--**PEACE**
AND **PLENTY!**



A PLEDGE



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